



and

TIM  
HOLT

NO.35



# TIM HOLT

10c







WEB COMIC  
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# STOP SMOKING

**TOBACCO COUGH—TOBACCO HEART—TOBACCO BREATH—TOBACCO NERVES...  
NEW, SAFE FORMULA HELPS YOU BREAK HABIT IN JUST 7 DAYS**



## \*YOU CAN STOP

- Tobacco Nerves  
STOP
- Tobacco Breath  
STOP
- Tobacco Cough  
STOP
- Burning Mouth  
Due To Smoking  
STOP
- Hot Burning Tongue  
Due To Smoking  
STOP
- Poisonous Nicotine  
Due To Smoking  
STOP
- Tobacco expense

No matter how long you have been a victim of the expensive, unhealthy nicotine and smoke habit, this amazing scientific (easy to use) 7-day formula will help you to stop smoking—IN JUST SEVEN DAYS! Countless thousands who have broken the vicious Tobacco Habit now feel better, look better—actually feel healthier because they breathe clean, cool fresh air into their lungs instead of the stultifying Tobacco tar, Nicotine, and Benzo Pyrene—all these irritants that come from cigarettes and cigars. You can't lose anything but the Tobacco Habit by trying this amazing, easy method—You Can Stop Smoking!

## SEND NO MONEY

**Aver. 1½-Pack per Day Smoker  
Spends \$125.90 per Year**

Let us prove to you that smoking is nothing more than a repulsive habit that sends unhealthy impurities into your mouth, throat and lungs... a habit that does you no good and may result in harmful physical reactions. Spend those tobacco \$\$\$ on useful, healthgiving benefits for yourself and your loved ones. Send NO Money! Just mail the Coupon on our absolute Money-Back Guarantee that this 7-Day test will help banish your desire for tobacco—not for days or weeks, but FOREVER! Mail the coupon today.

## HOW HARMFUL ARE CIGARETTES AND CIGARS?

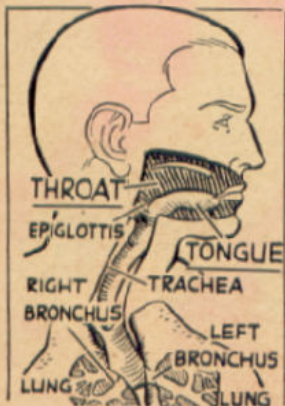
Numerous Medical Papers have been written about the evil, harmful effects of Tobacco Breath, Tobacco Heart, Tobacco Lungs, Tobacco Mouth, Tobacco Nervousness. Now, here at last is the amazing easy-to-take scientific discovery that helps destroy your desire to smoke in just 7 Days—or if you won't cost you one cent. Mail the coupon today—the only thing you can lose is the offensive, expensive, unhealthy smoking habit!

## ATTENTION DOCTORS:

Doctor, we can help you too! Many Doctors are unwilling victims to the repulsive Tobacco Habit. We make the guarantee to you, too, Doctor. (A Guarantee that most Doctors dare not make to their own patients). If this sensational discovery does not banish your craving for tobacco forever your money cheerfully refunded.



**YOU WILL LOSE THE DESIRE TO SMOKE IN 7 DAYS... OR NO COST TO YOU**



## Here's What Happens When You Smoke...

The nicotine laden smoke you inhale becomes deposited on your throat and lungs... (The average Smoker does this 300 times a day!) Nicotine irritates the Mucous Membranes of the respiratory tract and Tobacco Tar injures those membranes. Stop Tobacco Cough, Tobacco Heart, Tobacco Breath... Banish smoking forever, or no cost to you. Mail the coupon now.

Don't be a slave to tobacco... Enjoy your right to clean, healthy, natural living. Try this amazing discovery for just 7-Days... Easy to take, pleasant, no after-taste. If you haven't broken the smoking habit forever... return empty carton in 10 Days for prompt refund. Mail the coupon now.

## STOP SMOKING—MAIL COUPON NOW!

### DOCTOR'S ORDERS PRODUCTS

7-Day Tobacco Curb—Dept. TH-35  
400 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

SENT TO YOU IN  
PLAIN WRAPPER

On your 10-Day Money-Back Guarantee send me Doctor's Orders 7-Day Tobacco Curb. If not entirely satisfied I can return for prompt refund.

- ☐ Send 7-Day Supply, I will pay Postman \$2.00 plus Postage and C.O.D. Charges.
- ☐ Save 45c on C.O.D. Money Order Fee and Postage by sending cash with Order. Same Money-Back Guarantee applies.
- ☐ Enclosed is \$2.00 for 7-Day Supply, you pay postage cost.
- ☐ Enclosed is \$4.00 for 2 boxes of the 7-Day Supply for myself and a loved one. You pay postage cost.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

(Please Print)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

TOWN \_\_\_\_\_

ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

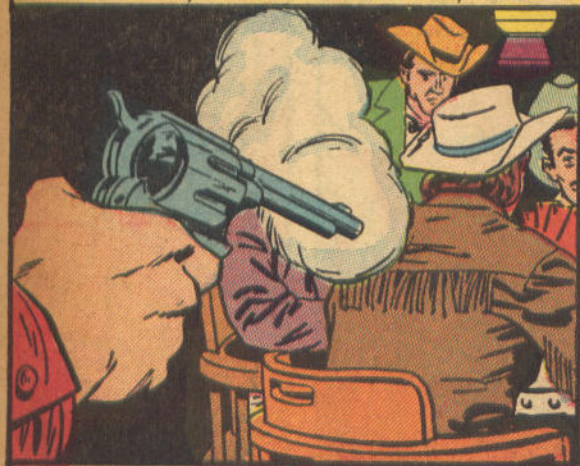


TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT

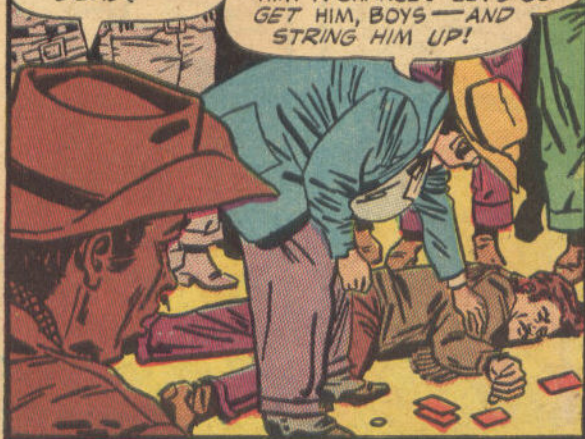


DEADWOOD, SOUTH DAKOTA, IS A WILD TOWN. IN ONE OF ITS SALOONS, MEN SIT PLAYING POKER, WHEN —



IT'S WILD  
**BILL HICKOCK!**  
DEAD!

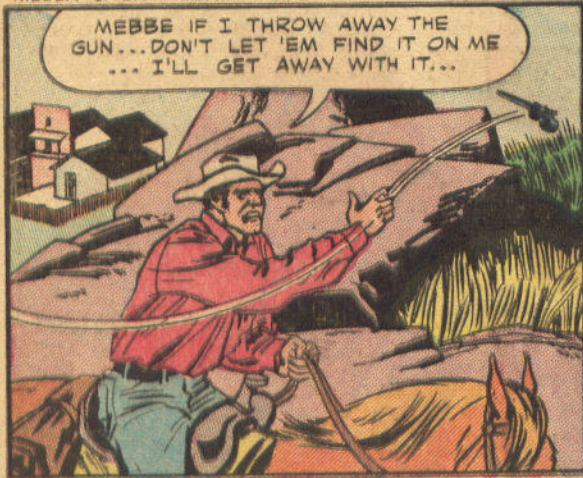
JACK MCCALL SHOT HIM  
IN THE BACK WITHOUT GIVING  
HIM A CHANCE! LET'S GO  
GET HIM, BOYS — AND  
STRING HIM UP!



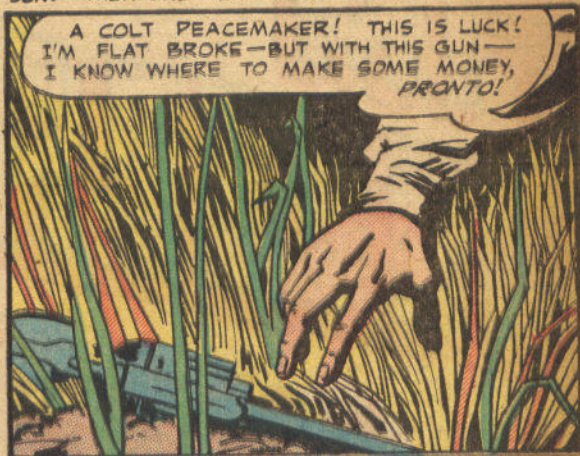


# TIM HOLT

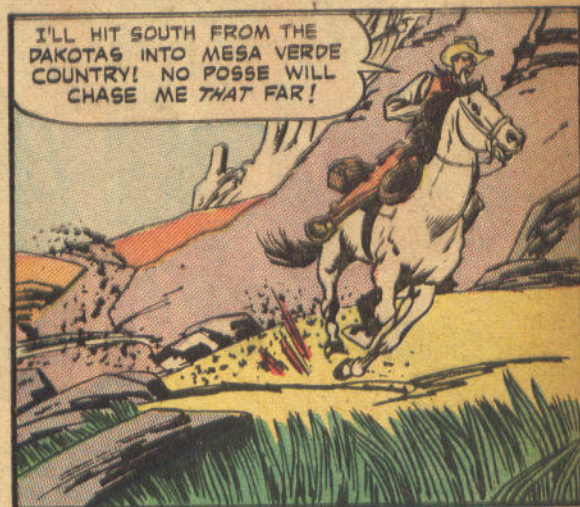
KILLER JACK McCALL RUNS FOR HIS LIFE—



FOR DAYS, THE GUN LIES UNDER THE HOT DAKOTA SUN. THEN ONE MORNING...



A LITTLE LATER, ON THE STAGECOACH TRAIL TO THE BLACK HILLS...



THE THUD OF POUNDING HOOFES DROWNS OUT THE SUDDEN TWANG OF A CHEYENNE BOWSTRING! A HORSE GALLOPS FAST—BUT NOT AS FAST AS THE FLIGHT OF AN INDIAN ARROW!





# TIM HOLT



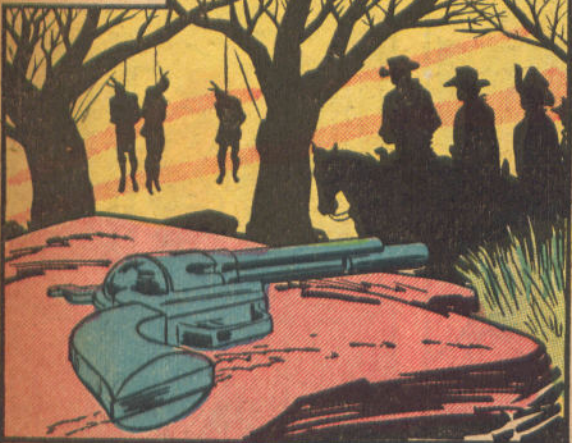
THE TRAIL OF DEATH AND MURDER  
MOVES SOUTH, ACROSS THE SAN  
JAUNS AND INTO APACHE COUNTRY...



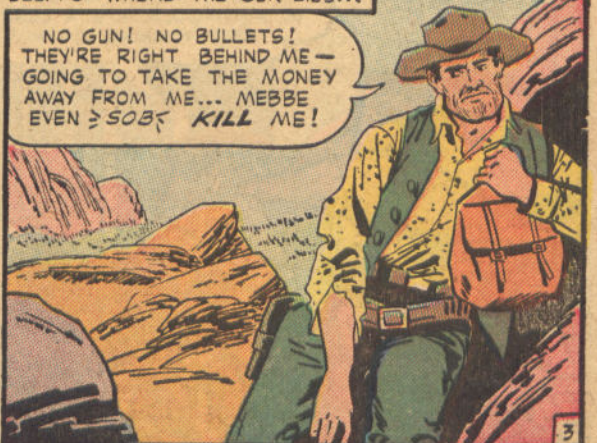
THIS IS "FAR SOUTH" LAND FOR THE  
CHEYENNE WAR PARTY! THEIR LOOK-  
OUTS ARE ALERT, BUT AN AVENGING  
POSSE OF LAWMEN ARE HEADED BY  
REDMASK—



A LITTLE LATER, ONLY A FEW SHAPES SWINGING IN  
THE IDLE BREEZE REVEAL THE LOCATION OF THE  
DEATH GUN...

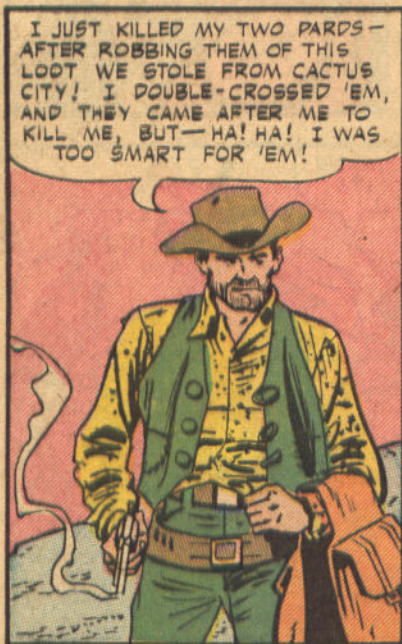
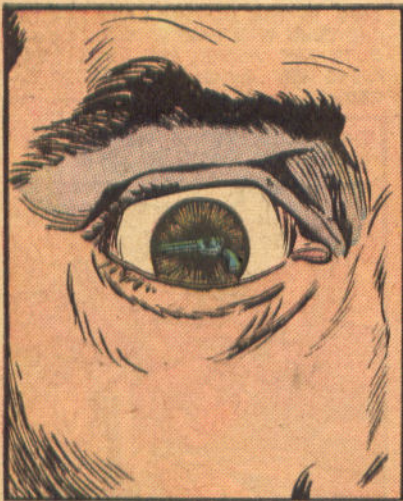


TWO WEEKS LATER, A STUBBLE-BEARDED OUTLAW,  
WOUNDED AND ALONE, FLEES INTO THE ROCKY  
BLUFFS WHERE THE GUN LIES...

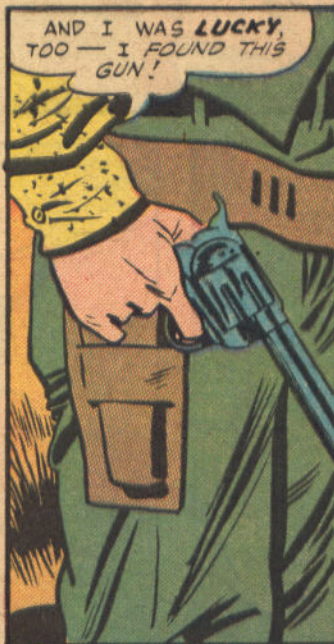




# TIM HOLT



I JUST KILLED MY TWO PARDS—  
AFTER ROBBING THEM OF THIS  
LOOT WE STOLE FROM CACTUS  
CITY! I DOUBLE-CROSSED 'EM,  
AND THEY CAME AFTER ME TO  
KILL ME, BUT—HA! HA! I WAS  
TOO SMART FOR 'EM!



AND I WAS **LUCKY**,  
TOO—I FOUND THIS  
GUN!

IT IS DUSK IN THE LITTLE COW TOWN  
OF BULLET, SOME DAYS LATER, AS A  
FRESHLY SHAVED STRANGER WALKS  
THE STREET...



MIGHT AS WELL TRY MY  
LUCK AT CARDS. IT'S RUNNING  
STRONG IN EVERY OTHER  
DIRECTION!

MEANWHILE, IN A LITTLE HOUSE A FEW STEPS DOWN THE STREET...



WILL HE LIVE,  
DOC?

I DON'T KNOW! HE TOOK TWO BULLETS  
IN HIS MIDDLE. IT'S A LONG SHOT, BUT I'LL  
KEEP WORKING ON HIM!



HE'S BEEN IN  
THAT COMA EVER  
SINCE I FOUND  
HIM, REDMASK!

ALL WE  
CAN DO  
IS HOPE!



# TIM HOLT

LATER THAT NIGHT, IN HIS HOTEL ROOM, JIM KELLAM PUTS THE DEATH GUN AWAY—

YES, SIR! I'VE GOT MY PILE! NO NEED TO TAKE MORE RISKS. I'LL SETTLE DOWN HERE AS A RESPECTABLE CITIZEN, AND NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW ME AS A KILLER. I'LL EVEN PUT THIS GUN HERE AND NEVER USE IT AGAIN!



FOR SOME WEEKS, JIM KELLAM LIVES AS AN HONEST MAN. HE MAKES FRIENDS, AND HIS SECRET SEEMS SAFE. THEN, ONE DAY—

NEVER SAW THAT GENT WITH THE SHERIFF! WHO IS HE?

SOME HOMBRE THE SHERIFF FOUND SHOT AND DYING. HE ALMOST DID DIE, BUT STARTED TO RECOVER THE NIGHT YOU CAME INTO TOWN! FUNNY, AIN'T IT?



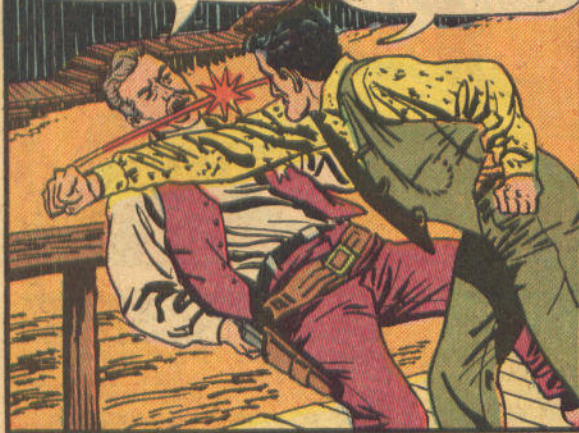
SHERIFF GAGE — THAT MAN THERE! HE WAS ONE OF THE THREE BANDITS WHO HELD UP THE CACTUS CITY TRAIN AND ROBBED IT, KILLING MY ENGINEER AND WOUNDING ME!

HUH?



KELLAM, I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR—UGGHHH!

NOBODY ARRESTS ME! SHERIFF! GET OUT OF MY WAY!

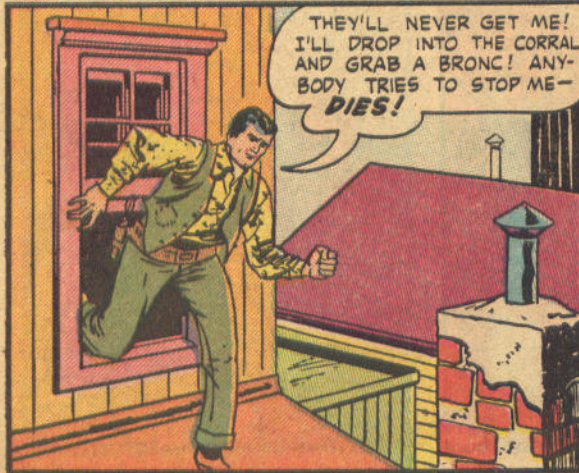


GOT TO GET MY GUN — SHOOT MY WAY OUT OF THIS! I WAS A FOOL TO TAKE IT OFF! THAT MAN 'KNEW ME! HE'S GOT ME DEAD TO RIGHTS — BUT IT WON'T DO HIM ANY GOOD!

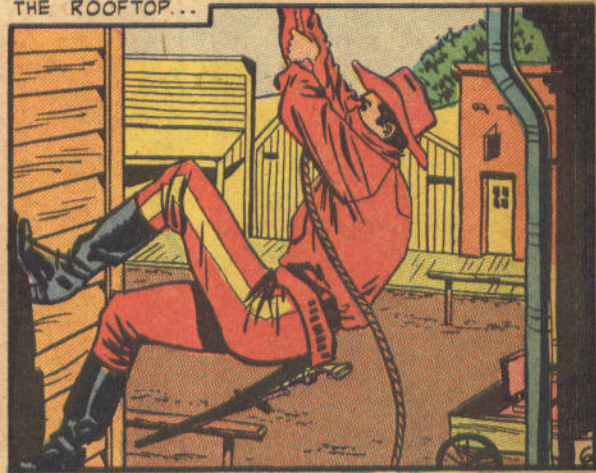


RIPPING HIS PEACEMAKER COLT FROM HIS BAG, JIM KELLAM FLEES TO THE ROOF...

THEY'LL NEVER GET ME! I'LL DROP INTO THE CORRAL AND GRAB A BRONC! ANYBODY TRIES TO STOP ME—DIES!



UNAWARE THAT HE IS DEFYING THE CURSE OF DEATH ON THE MURDER GUN, REDMASK CLIMBS A ROPE TO THE ROOFTOP...





# TIM HOLT

IN THE SILVER DOLLAR SALOON, JIM KELLAM DISCOVERS THAT HIS LUCK IS STILL RUNNING—



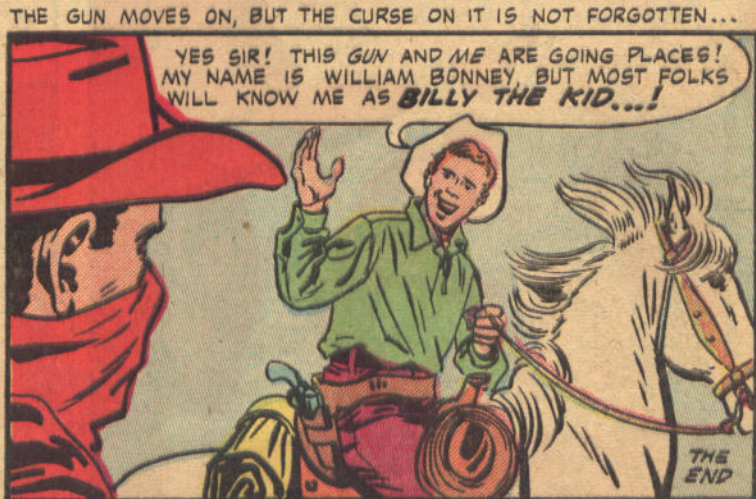
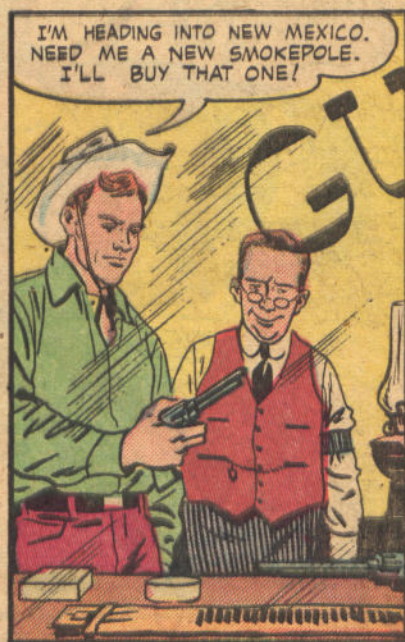


# TIM HOLT



TWO MORNINGS LATER, JIM KELLAM, WHO OWNED THE DEATH GUN FOR A LITTLE WHILE, DIES IN THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE...

AND SO THE GUN GOES IN THE STORE WINDOW OF BULLET'S GUNSMITH. IT DRAWS VISITORS FOR A WHILE, AND THEN IS FORGOTTEN...

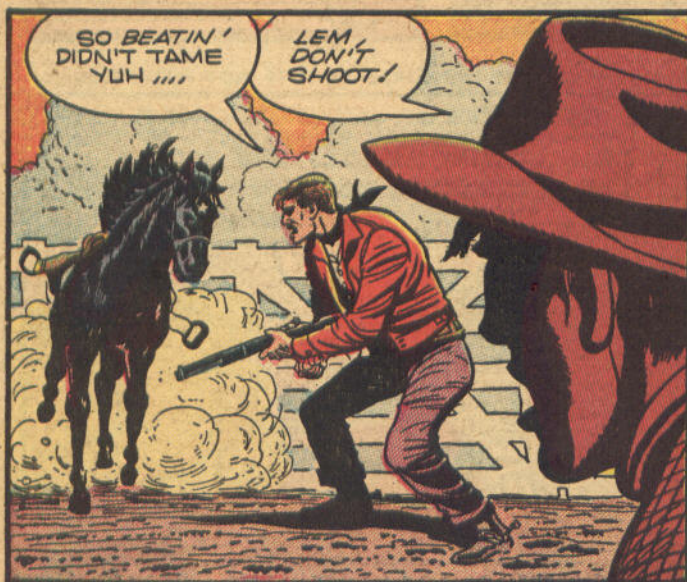
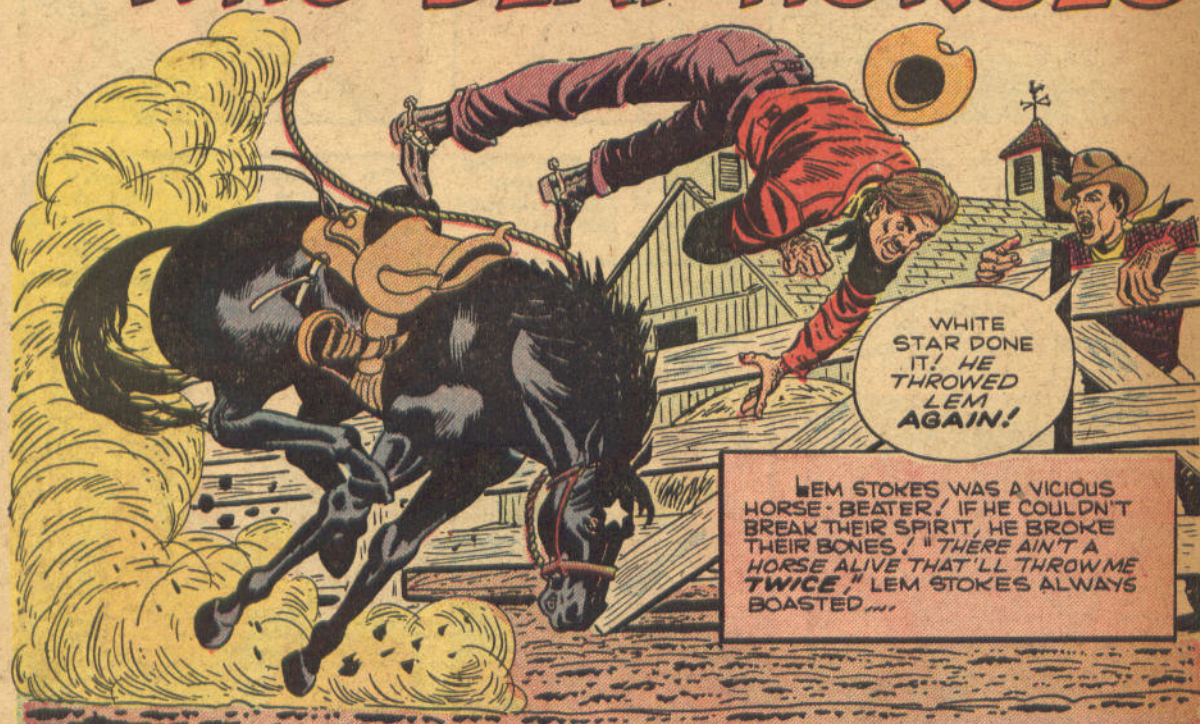




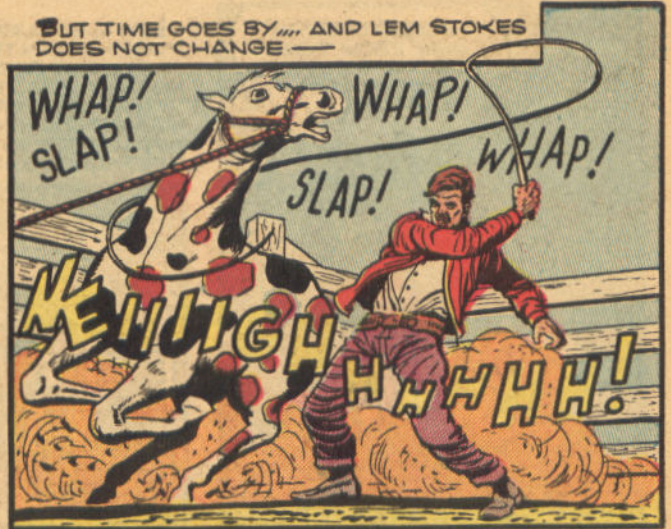
TIM HOLT

# TALES *of the* GHOST RIDER

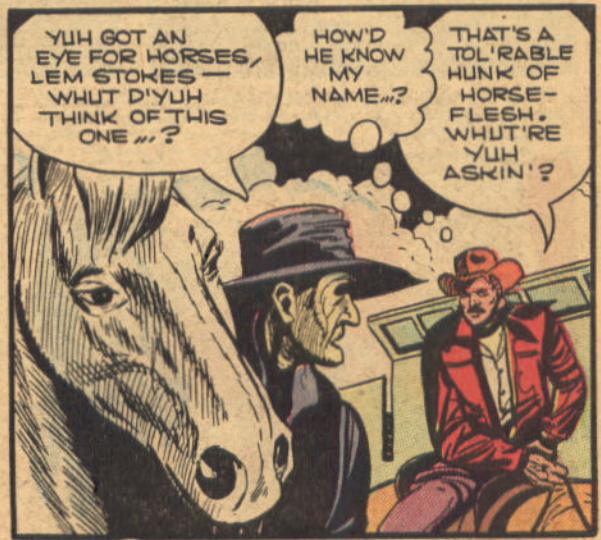
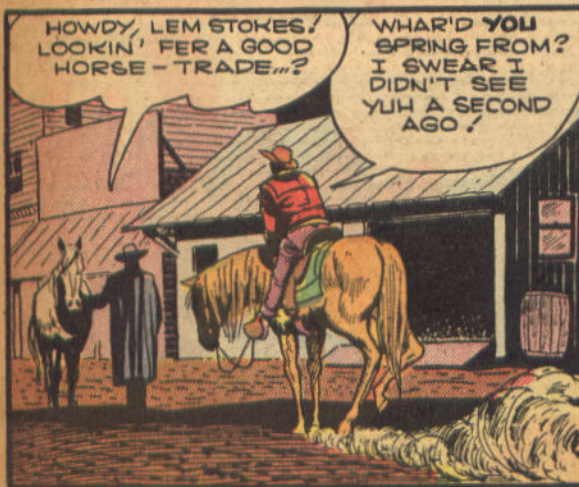
## THE MAN WHO BEAT HORSES







THEN, ONE DAY... LEM RIDES INTO TOWN .....



SO A FEW MINUTES LATER, LEM STOKES RIDES THE WHITE HORSE OUT OF TOWN...





# TIM HOLT



HE KEEPS VEERIN' AWAY FROM THUH ROAD — MUST BE SKEERED OF LIGHTNIN' !!!

LEM IS SO BUSY TUGGING REIN THAT AT FIRST HE DOES NOT SEE HOW THE "WHITENESS" ON HIS MOUNT IS BEING WASHED OFF BY THE PELTING RAIN!



BUT THEN—!

TH-THUH COLOR'S WASHED OFF! AIEEE! IT'S WHITE STAR — THUH HORSE I SHOT! AN' HE'S HEADED FER THAT CLIFF!

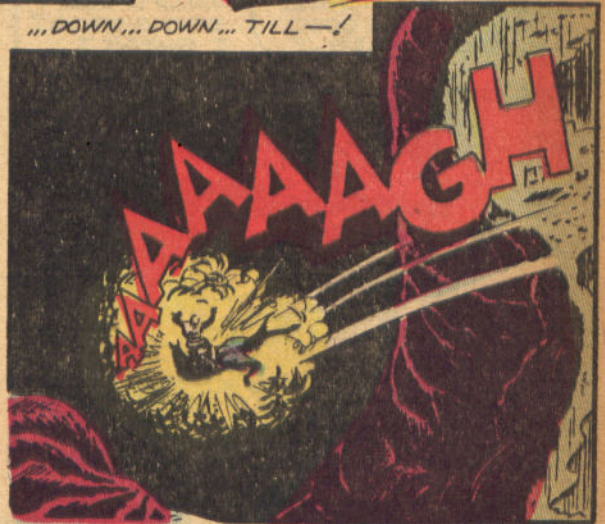


THE HORSE-BEATER SCREAMS, BUT WHITE STAR KEEPS GALLOPING FORWARD, THEY PLUNGE DOWN !!!

... DOWN ... DOWN ... TILL —!



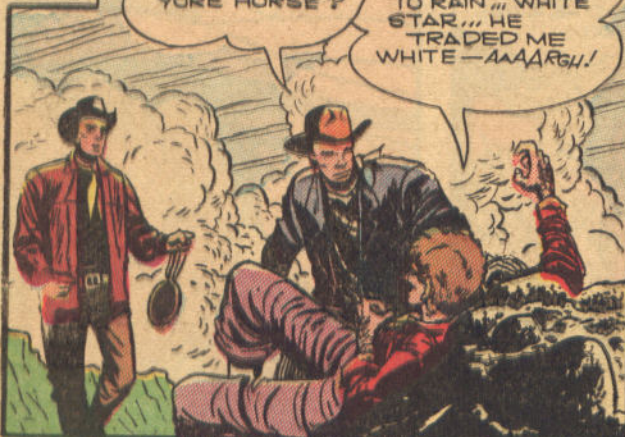
I CAN'T LET GO OF THUH REINS ...! STOP! STOP!



THE NEXT DAY—

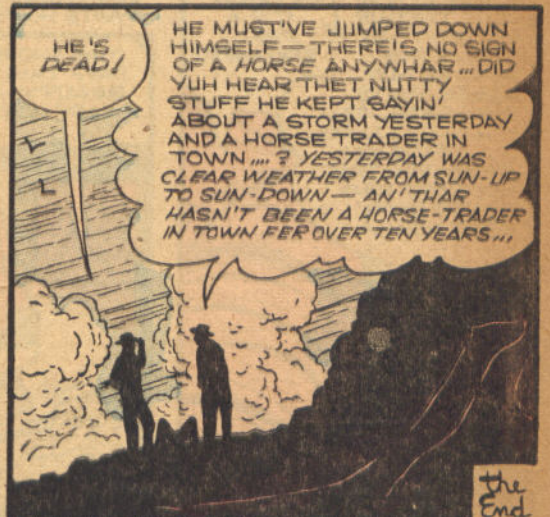
LEM— HOW'D YUH GIT DOWN HERE? WHAR'S YORE HORSE?

THUH TRADER ... IN TOWN YESTERDAY ... THEN IT STARTED TO RAIN ... WHITE STAR ... HE TRADED ME WHITE — AAAARGH!



HE'S DEAD!

HE MUST'VE JUMPED DOWN HIMSELF — THERE'S NO SIGN OF A HORSE ANYWHAR ... DID YUH HEAR THET NUTTY STUFF HE KEPT SAYIN' ABOUT A STORM YESTERDAY AND A HORSE TRADER IN TOWN ...? YESTERDAY WAS CLEAR WEATHER FROM SUN-UP TO SUN-DOWN — AN' THAR HASN'T BEEN A HORSE-TRADER IN TOWN FER OVER TEN YEARS ...



the End



# FREE 10 HITLER STAMPS



## 10 Scarce Stamps—All Different—Sent Free

TO SECURE NAMES FOR OUR MAILING LIST

MAIL coupon at once. We'll send you this fascinating set of 10 Hitler stamps. Different sizes, colors, values. NO COST TO YOU.

These valuable stamps were issued by the short-lived nation of Bohemia-Moravia. They are much sought after. Now they are becoming SCARCE. And since the nation is no longer in existence—no new issues can be minted. Our supply is limited. So, don't ask for more than one set.

### FREE 32-Page Book

In addition to the FREE Hitler Stamps, we'll also include other interesting offers for your inspection—PLUS a FREE copy of our helpful, informative book, "How To Collect Postage Stamps." It contains fascinating and true stories such as the one about the 1¢ stamp (which a schoolboy gladly sold for \$1.50) and which was later bought for FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

This Free Book also contains expert advice on collecting; shows how to get started; where and how to find rare stamps; how to tell their real value; how to mount them, trade them; how to start a stamp club; exciting stamp games, etc. It has pictures galore! Full pages of pictures showing odd stamps depicting native men and women from faraway lands; ferocious beasts, etc.

### MAIL COUPON NOW

Be the first in your neighborhood to have this valuable set of Hitler Stamps. Your friends will envy you for it and want to buy the set from you. It will become one of the most prized sets of any stamp collection. But you must hurry if you want to get the 10 Hitler Stamps FREE. This special offer may have to be withdrawn soon. If coupon has already been used, write direct to: Littleton Stamp Co., Dept. 4MEC, Littleton, New Hampshire. (Enclose 10¢ to help cover postage and handling).



Supply Limited  
Mail Coupon At Once!



LITTLETON STAMP CO.,  
DEPT. 4MEC LITTLETON, N. H.

Send—AT NO COST TO ME—the valuable set of 10 Hitler stamps and the informative booklet, "How To Collect Postage Stamps." I enclose 10¢ to help cover postage and handling.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

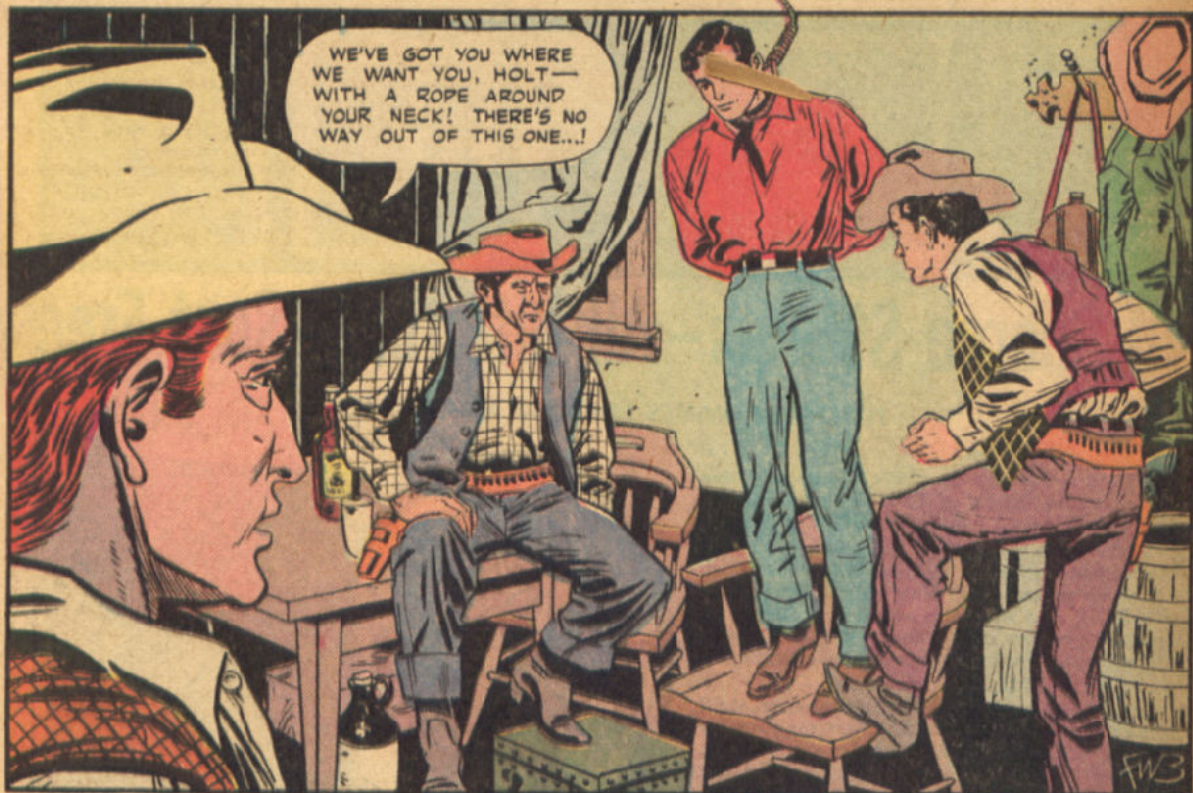
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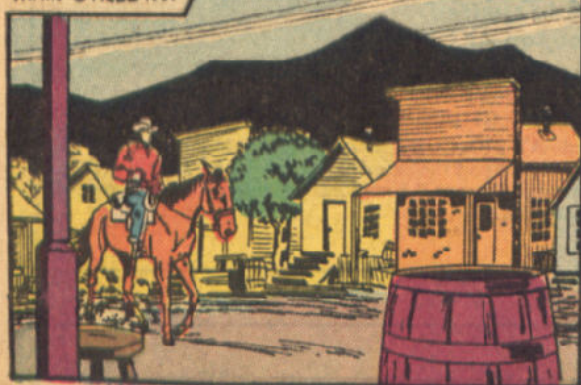
# TIM HOLT

ALONE AND UNARMED, TIM HOLT—DEPUTY SHERIFF OF THE TOWN OF BULLET—RIDES INTO SINKHOLE, AN OUTLAW TOWN! HE HAS LEFT HIS GUNS BEHIND HIM, FOR HE HAS COME TO GIVE HIS LIFE TO THESE HARD-BOILED KILLERS! WHAT STRANGE REASON DOES TIM HAVE FOR THIS SACRIFICE? IS THERE ANY HOPE AT ALL FOR—

**"THE MAN  
WHO  
CAME BACK!"**

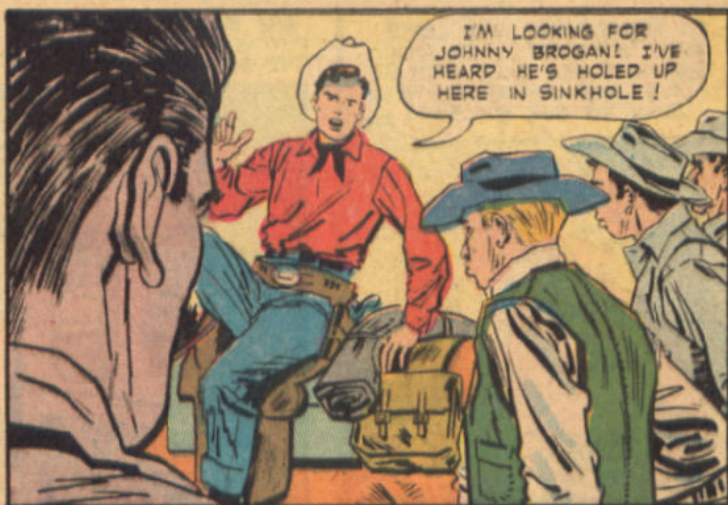


THE THUDDING HOOPS OF SUN DANCE SOUND LOUD IN THE STILLNESS THAT SETTLES IN THE LITTLE TOWN AS TIM HOLT WALKS HIS ROAN DOWN ITS SINGLE MAIN STREET...





WHY DOES TIM HOLT RIDE ALONE AND WITHOUT HIS GUNS INTO THIS TOWN OF SINKHOLE? WHY DOES DEATH AWAIT HIM AT THE HANDS OF THESE HARD-BOILED KILLERS? LET'S TURN BACK THE PAGES OF THE CALENDAR OF TIME, TO A MOMENT SOME DAYS AGO, WHEN TIM FIRST WALKED SUN DANCE DOWN THE MAIN STREET OF SINKHOLE... BUT THIS TIME HE CAME ARMED...



I'M BROGAN!  
AND I KNOW WHO YOU ARE—  
TIM HOLT, DEPUTY SHERIFF OF BULLET!  
YOU AREN'T TAKING ME BACK TO GET HUNG!

I'M NOT HERE AS A LAWMAN, JOHNNY. I'M HERE AS A HUMAN BEING...



YOUR MOTHER IS DYING! HER LAST REQUEST IS TO SEE YOU BEFORE SHE PASSES ON! THAT'S WHY I'M HERE! TO BRING YOU TO SEE HER, THEN BRING YOU BACK HERE—SAFE AND UNMOLESTED!



AS JOHNNY BROGAN STARTED FORWARD IN RAGE, HIS TRIGGER FINGER TIGHTENED—

IT'S A CHEAP SCHEME TO—  
UGHH!

YOU'RE SLOW, JOHNNY! NOW LISTEN TO ME...

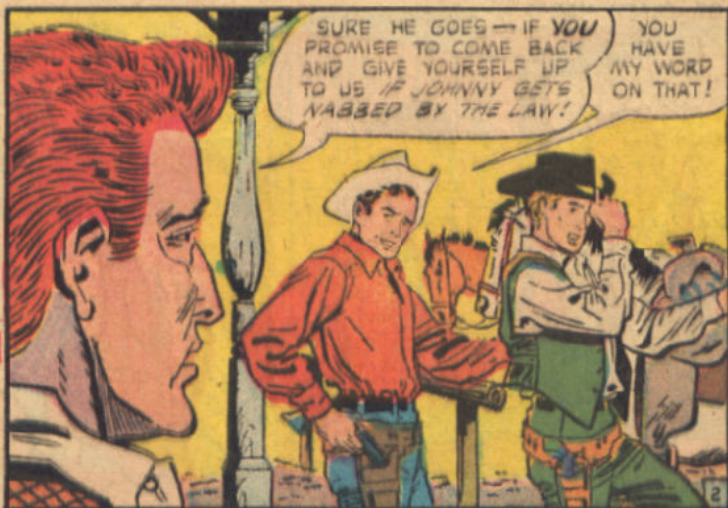


IF I WERE LYING TO YOU, I'D ROUND YOU ALL UP AND TAKE YOU IN. BUT GETTING JOHNNY TO HIS MOTHER MAY SAVE HER LIFE. THAT'S WHY I'M ACTING AS I AM! NOW—DOES HE OR DOESN'T HE?



SURE HE GOES—IF YOU PROMISE TO COME BACK AND GIVE YOURSELF UP TO US IF JOHNNY GETS NABBED BY THE LAW!

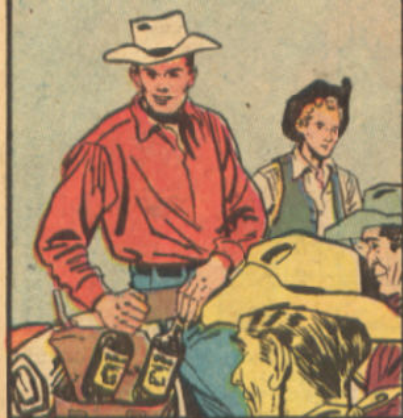
YOU HAVE MY WORD ON THAT!





# TIM HOLT

TO PROVE I WILL, I'LL LEAVE THESE BOTTLES! WHEN JOHNNY BROGAN COMES BACK WITH ME ALIVE AND UNHARMED—WE'LL DRINK TO OUR SUCCESS!



AND SO THE TWO BOTTLES WERE PUT IN A PLACE OF HONOR BEHIND THE SINKHOLE SALOON BAR—



—AND TIM HOLT AND THE MAN HE HAD COME TO GET CANTERED SLOWLY OUT OF TOWN...

THE BOYS WOULDN'T LET ME GO ON ANYONE'S SAY-SO BUT YOURS, TIM! THEY KNOW YOU'RE A MAN OF YOUR WORD! AND TALKING OF THAT—

I GIVE YOU MY WORD THAT I'M INNOCENT! RICK RANDALL OF BULLET SAID I WAS THE MAN WHO SHOT THE DRIVER AND ROBBED THAT STAGECOACH—BUT I WASN'T!



TROUBLE IS, I HAD NO ALIBI FOR THE TIME THAT ROBBERY AND MURDER HAPPENED! I WAS OUT ON THE RANGE ALONE. RICK TOLD HIS STORY, I WAS JUMPED BY A SHERIFF'S POSSE, AND JUST DID MANAGE TO GET AWAY!



HOURS LATER, AT THE LITTLE BROGAN RANCHHOUSE AT THE FOOT OF BLACK MESAS...



YOU GOT HERE JUST IN TIME, TIM! TAKE JOHNNY INSIDE QUICKLY! SHE'S SINKING FAST!

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE—

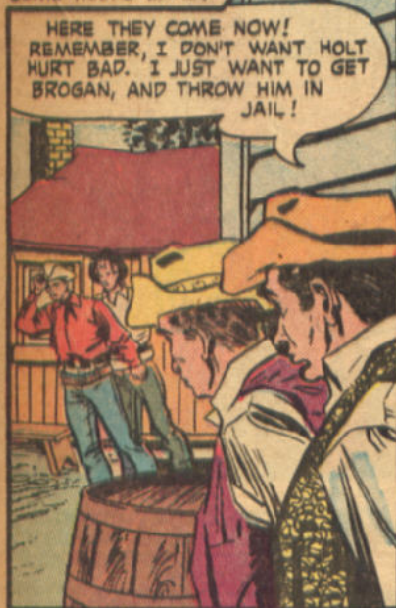
GOT TO RIDE LIKE SIXTY, AND TELL RICK RANDALL THAT JOHNNY BROGAN IS BACK! HE'LL THROW HIM IN JAIL SO FAST IT'LL MAKE BROGAN'S HEAD SPIN...!





# TIM HOLT

SOME HOURS LATER—





# TIM HOLT

AND SO TIM HOLT RIDES BACK TO THE OUTLAW TOWN WITHOUT A WEAPON TO DEFEND HIMSELF. A GUN IS PUSHED INTO HIS BACK. A VOICE RASPS HARSHLY IN HIS EAR...



KEEP RIGHT ON WALKING, HOLT! INTO THE BACK ROOM. WE GOT A SURPRISE WAITIN' FOR YUH!



WE'LL DISPENSE WITH FORMALITIES. YOU TOOK JOHNNY BROGAN IN TO TOWN. YOU DIDN'T BRING HIM BACK. THEY'LL HANG HIM! SO WE'RE GOING TO HANG YOU!



BEFORE YOU START KICKIN' AIR, I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU THAT JOHNNY BROGAN IS AS INNOCENT OF THOSE CRIMES OF MURDER AND ROBBERY AS YOU ARE! FRAMING HIM WAS RICK RANDALL'S IDEA! SURE! RICK IS OUR RINGLEADER!



"MATTER OF FACT, IT WAS RANDALL HIMSELF WHO SHOT THAT DRIVER, WHEN WE HELD UP THE STAGE..."

I TOLD YOU TO KEEP YORE PAWS OFF THAT SHOTGUN!



"WE RODE AWAY FAST FROM THAT STAGE. MURDER IS NOTHING TO FOOL ABOUT, AND RICK WAS PLENTY WORRIED..."

SHERIFF GAGE AND TIM HOLT WILL BE CHECKIN' FOR CLUES! I GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING!



"WHEN WE SAW JOHNNY BROGAN, RICK GOT HIS BIG IDEA..."

LOOK! BROGAN'S BEEN OUT HERE TWO DAYS! WE'LL BRING HIM IN WITH SOME LOOT ON HIM—AND SWEAR HE WAS THE GUY WHO KILLED THE DRIVER! WE SAW HIM DO IT, UNDERSTAND? THE REST OF HIS GANG GOT AWAY—BUT WE CAUGHT HIM! COME ON!





THE GRIM HUMOR OF THE OUTLAWS IS TOUCHED BY THE FACT THAT THEY WILL SOON TOAST THEIR OWN SCHEMES...



AND IN A MOMENT THE OUTLAWS ARE CONVULSED WITH WILD HILARITY!



SUDDENLY...



FROM THE BROKEN BOTTLES AND POOLS OF LIQUID, FAINT WISPS RISE UPWARD —







HOURS LATER, IN A SALOON IN BULLET-



FRIGHT DAWNS IN RICK RANDALL'S EYES. WITH AN OATH, HE YANKS A GUN AND LEAPS FORWARD. BUT HE TRIPS—





# THE MULE AND THE WAGON-TRAIN

IT WAS spring in the year 1828. All along the Santa Fe trail the wagons creaked and rolled, chained casks swinging under the jangling tail-gates, the whips of the bearded drivers snapping, the oxen ploughing ahead across the dun wastes of southwestern Kansas. Part of a continent was on the march, sunlight glinting on the long rifles of the buckskin-clad trappers, and on the pistols in the holsters of the drivers.

Jeb Norwood stood in a clump of mesquite, fighting back the tears. Behind him was a charred cabin and three graves that he had dug himself. Paw was back there, and Maw, and little Cissie. He had buried them, with his Paw's shovel, and now he was alone — twelve years old, with only a gun and Paw's lop-eared mule, Temper, to call his own.

"Mebbe they'll give me a place with 'em," he muttered to the big grey mule, staring at the oncoming wagons. "I can h'ist water an' chop wood. Mebbe even I could get 'em some meat, if they'd give me some powder."

He was ragged and dirty, but there were muscles under his tanned skin, and his eyes were grey and direct. He walked like an Indian, with back straight and his long legs bent and sliding. The rifle hung, muzzle downward, over his arm.

A bearded driver saw him first and sent a stream of brown tobacco spraying beyond the rounded rump of his off wheel ox. He jerked a thumb back over his shoulder at the boy's question.

"The wagon boss is five teams back, son," said the driver. "If'n he lets yuh stay with us, yuh kin sit up here with me. Gits plumb lonesome with only these dumb oxen to palaver with!"

The wagon boss was a lean man, big in the shoulders, with long yellow hair and blue eyes. He wore two pistols strapped around his middle, with a Green River hunting knife in a bead-decorated sheath. Jeb heard the men address him as Charley. His face was grave

as Jeb told what had happened to his folks.

"Of course, son. We'll be glad to have yuh. Especially since yuh own a mule."

One or two of the men looked blank. The others seemed indifferent. But Jeb knew what the tall, lean man meant. He licked his lips, then asked, "I could stand some powder an' ball. Paw shot most of his away—against them Injuns."

A bearded man with a crosslike knife scar on his cheek grunted derisively. "Like dumpin' it out on the sand, Charley! What's a skinny young 'un like him know 'bout shootin' a gun?"

Jeb felt the red flush tinge his cheeks, but he drew himself up stiffly. "I got me two Comanches yestiddy. Only had two bullets, too!"

Charley laughed softly. He said, "All right, boy. You find yoreself a wagon to latch onto, an' see me tomorrow."

Jeb found his driver friend and lashed the lead-string of the mule to a tailgate chain. Then he swung up onto the big broad seat of the Dearborn beside the tobacco-chewing teamster. The man nodded at him, and grinned. "Glad to see that wall-eyed mule o' yourn, youngster. These new-fangled oxen can pull a loaded wagon, but when it comes to —"

The driver shook his head and let his words trail off. From him, Jeb learned that this was one of a Bent, St. Vrain Company caravan, bound for Santa Fe. Its great vans and wagons were loaded with silks and metalware, guns and powder, glassware and silver. Every eye was on the lookout for Comanches of Kiowas, for they raided the wagons for its *caballada*, or horse herd.

"Seems they take a fancy to them knives we're packin', too," growled the driver, whose name was Brad. "An' beads, an' colored cloths! Huh! Reckon they'd plumb take everything that ain't nailed down tight!!!"

At night, young Jeb slept behind the shallow tail-gate, his small body packed into the narrow space under some bolts of silk. He would stare up at the stars and blink his eyes hard, remembering his mother's soft voice, and his father's hearty shout, and the happy laughter of his little sister.

And then, four nights after Jeb Norwood joined the caravan, he froze to silent immobility, as voices floated out of the night air near the tail-gate of Brad's wagon, where he lay stretched out.

"I tell ye, the time is now," said an excited voice. "They've come so far toward Sante Fe, they bean't thinkin' on Injuns no more! Why, man alive! There bean't no more guards posted of nights. Charley Bent is sleepin' right now, 'stead of worryin' 'bout any redskins!"

Jeb remembered that hoarse voice. His memory called up a bearded face marked with



a crosslike knife scar on the cheek. It was the man who had taunted him about shooting his rifle! Now another voice joined his. "But are we sure them Comanches will split with us?"

Scorn dripped from the scarred-face man. "All they want is them beads an' cheap knives, an' some blankets. What use they got for silverware or silk? Can they use gold candlesticks? I tell ye, the loot of this rich wagon train be ours, if we do this right!"

The men moved off, their voices fading. Jeb sat bolt upright, shaking with excitement. Carefully he peered over the side of the wagon, lifting the canvas hood. Then he loosened the tail-gate, lowered it, and dropped to the ground. He ran swiftly as his legs could move to Charley Bent's wagon.

The tall, lean man was sitting with his back propped to a big wheel, smoking his last pipe for the night. He looked up curiously at Jeb, then grew ominously silent as Jeb talked.

"So," smiled Bent coldly, "Blackie Logan figures to side th' Injuns ag'in us, does he? Young un, yuh did right to come to me. How's that mule o' your'n?"

Jeb grinned. "Gettin' fat an' sassy, loafin' along behind that wagon."

Bent laughed. "I'm givin' yuh a saddle. Put it on him. Take him ridin' out in front of the train from now on. Yuh savvy?"

His heart thudding excitedly, Jeb nodded. The big man stooped and lifted a small parfleche bag. "There's powder an' ball in here for yore rifle. I'll be keepin' an eye on yuh, son." Jeb grinned faintly, and his hand closed tightly over the beaded parfleche bag. His heart thumped excitedly. It was a good feeling to be needed, Jeb thought.

He walked to Brad's wagon and unhitched the rope hackamore that was tied to the end-gate. Leading Temper, Jeb walked through the starlight between the clumps of sotol and ocotillo. His rifle hung, barrel downward, across an arm. His young eyes searched the horizon.

Jeb walked steadily through the dawn. A

mile or two behind him, the big vans were rumbling. And he, Jeb, was being trusted to be lookout for all that wealth back there! A proud tingle went through his veins—

Then Temper lifted his head and brayed! Jeb froze in his tracks. He had heard Temper bray like that before! It had been when the redskins were shooting at his Maw and Paw—

Jeb lifted his gun and fired three times, quickly, as fast as he could trigger his rifle. Three shots in rapid succession was the warning of the plains. Now the wagon train moving slowly behind him a mile or more away would know that there were Kiowas and Comanches somewhere up ahead. The oxen would begin their slow swing, the huge wagons would sway as they were drawn into a tight circle!

Bent had known, as Jeb had, that a smart mule like Temper was worth his weight in gold to a wagon train. There was some instinct in mules that made them smell out Injuns from miles away. That was why Bent had sent young Jeb out ahead to ride point—

Jeb choked. A feathered warbonnet rose up against the red horizon. He could see the bear-claw necklace, the metal armlet. A war-painted face opened a wide mouth that shrilled a war-cry. An arrow thudded into the dust some feet beyond Jeb.

Jeb raised his gun and fired. He saw the Indian slip back over the rump of his pony and drop lifeless to the ground. Jeb grinned. "Ha! Mebbe now that man with the scar wouldn't laugh at th' idea of me an' my rifle!"

There were other Indians now, racing toward young Jeb. He jumped on Temper and turned him, kicking his ribs with drumming heels. "Git a move on, thar, Temper! We got to beat them Injuns back to the wagons!"

Jeb turned on the mule and fired his rifle, again and again. Once he saw a white man riding among the Indians throw up his arms and topple to the ground. "Serves him right, th' yaller turncoat," Jeb growled.

Now the wagons were in front of him, the prairie wind bellying their big canvas coverings. Sunlight glistened on long rifle barrels poked out from behind wagonwheels and tail-gates. Jeb could see Charley Bent standing with his sixguns in his hands. Bent shouted, "Yuh're there, young 'un! Mebbe yuh'd better turn in—see if yuh can get some shuteye while we drive off them varmints."

But Jeb shook his head and his eyes were shining. "No sir. Reckon I ain't sleepy yet. I recognized one or two of those redskins. They finished off my Paw. I'll want to settle with them!"

And with head held high Jeb walked on to find a battle station, knowing that wherever his Paw was he would be looking at him, proud of him. . . .

THE END

**THE NEXT ISSUE**  
**of TIM HOLT**  
**GOES ON SALE**  
**MAY 29th**





A COWBOY — LOOKING FOR GRAZING LAND FOR HIS CATTLE ....



A SHEPHERDER — WITH HIS DOG AND FLOCK, NESTLED PEACEABLY ON THE HILLSIDE ....



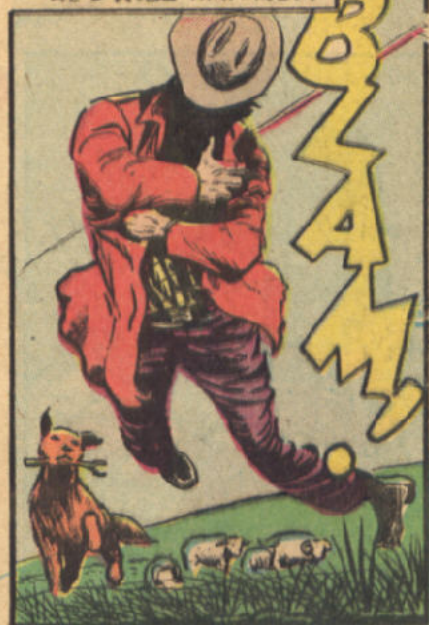
A RED HAZE OF HATE COATS THE COWBOY'S EYES — HE RAISES HIS RIFLE — THERE ISN'T ROOM FOR THAT SHEPHERDER AND HIM BOTH ON THIS GRAZING LAND...!



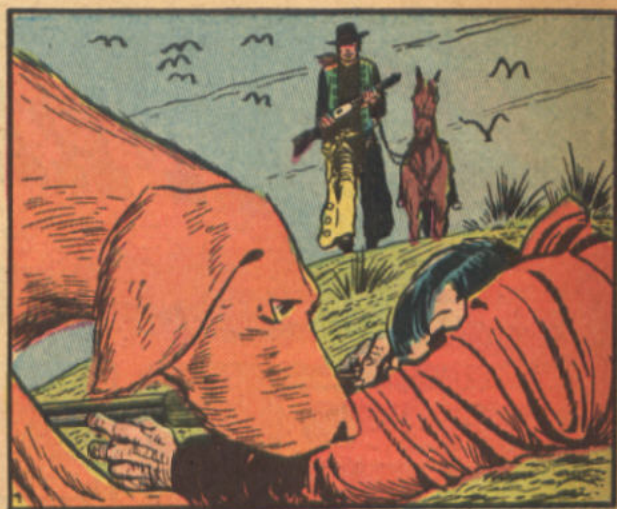
WE'D SHOOT HIM BEFORE WE'D SHARE THIS GRAZING LAND WITH A SHEPHERDER —



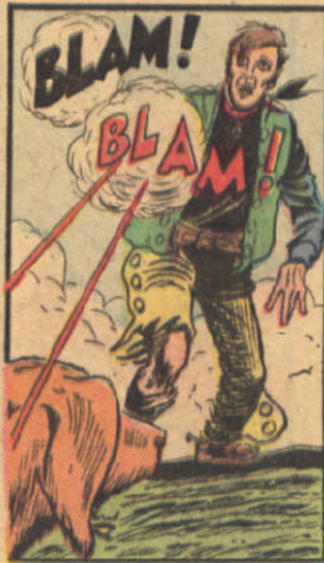
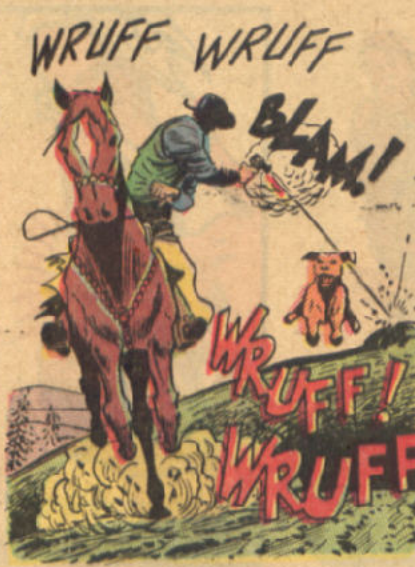
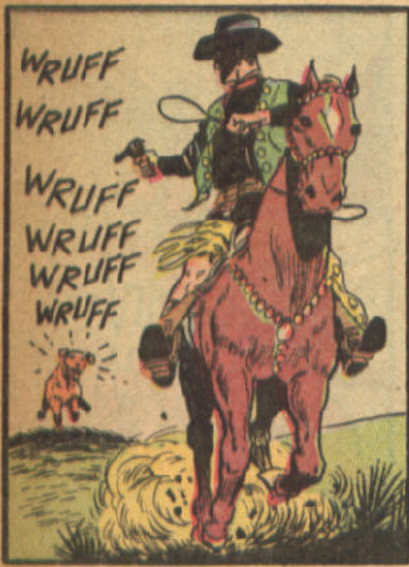
— WE'D KILL HIM FIRST!

















TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT

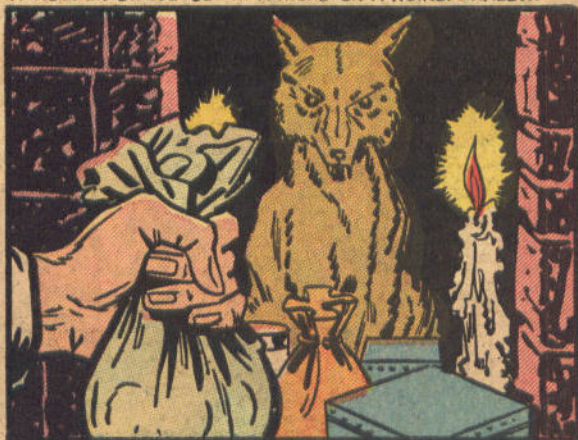
HE RODE THE NIGHT WINDS LIKE THE BLACK MONSTER HE WAS! HIS SWORD WAS EVER AT THE THROATS OF THE WEAK AND HELPLESS! LIKE THE WOLF AFTER WHICH HE IS NAMED HE PREYS ON THOSE UNABLE TO DEFEND THEMSELVES! AND WHEN REDMASK OF THE RIO GRANDE GETS ON HIS TRAIL, EL LOBO SEEKS TO BRAND REDMASK WITH—

**"The MARK of the WOLF!"**



THE BRIGHT MOON FALLS ON A SCORE OF PERSONS SHUFFLING ALONG THE COBBLESTONED STREETS OF SALOMA...

EAGER HANDS STRETCH FORTH GOLD AND SILVER BAUBLES TO A WOODEN STATUE SET IN A NICHE ON A RUINED WALL...





# TIM HOLT

THERE ARE SOME WHO BURY THEIR TREASURES IN THE MEXICAN FIELDS BEYOND THE CITY...

MADRE DE DIOS! THE SWORD OF EL LOBO!



DEATH FINDS THOSE WHO CHEAT THE WOLF!



HERE AND THERE IN COUNTRY FIELDS OR CITY STREET, THOSE WHO DEFEY THIS MONSTER OF THE NIGHT LIE DEAD, BRANDED BY THE MARK OF THE WOLF!

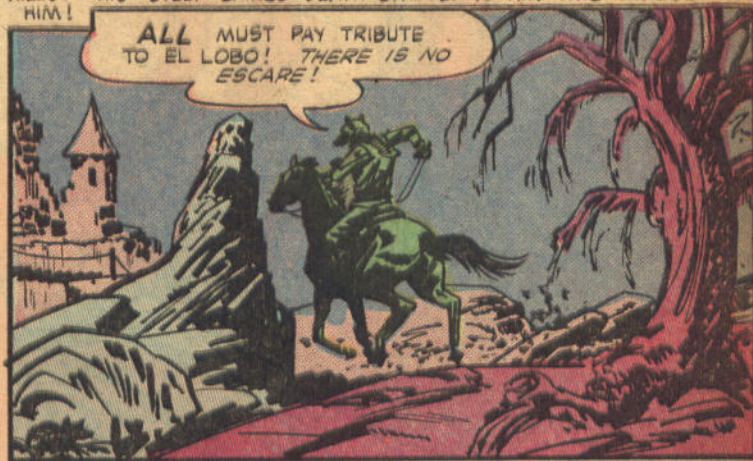


THE TATTOO OF HIS HORSE'S HOOF BEATS A THUNDER IN THE DARKNESS! A KNIFE FLASHES...



AND SO THIS DARK KIDER HOLDS SALOMA IN HIS HAND! HIS SWORD KILLS! HIS STEED BRINGS DEATH SWIFTLY TO ANY WHO OPPOSE HIM!

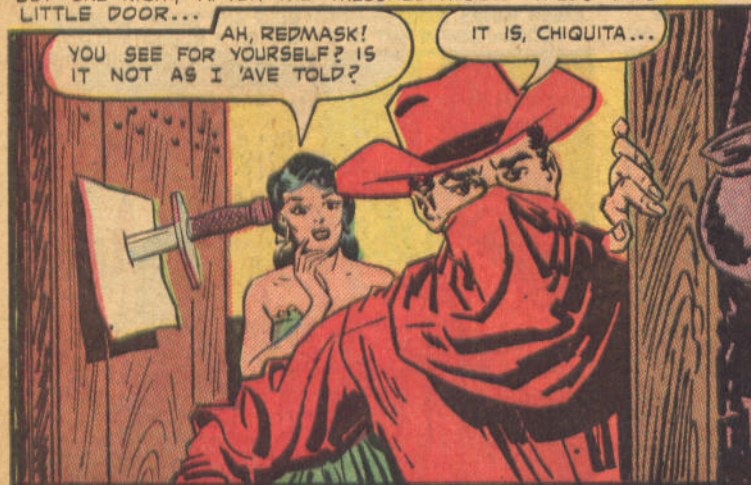
ALL MUST PAY TRIBUTE TO EL LOBO! THERE IS NO ESCAPE!



BUT ONE NIGHT, AFTER THE MESSAGE-DAGGER THUDS INTO A LITTLE DOOR...

AH, REDMASK! YOU SEE FOR YOURSELF? IS IT NOT AS I 'AVE TOLD?

IT IS, CHIKUITA...



WHEN THE T-BAR-H RANCH COOK-MEX LOLLIPOOSA - TOLD ME OF YOUR PROBLEM, I PROMISED TO AID YOU. AND I WILL...





# TIM HOLT

IN THIS MOONLIGHT, IT IS EASY TO FOLLOW HIS TRAIL!



WHO COMES RIDING THROUGH THE NIGHT ON THE TRAIL OF EL LOBO? HAI! HE WEARS A CRIMSON MASK— AND RIDES A GREAT ROAN STALLION! HAI! IT IS —**REDMASK!**



**REDMASK DIES BY THE SWORD OF EL LOBO!**

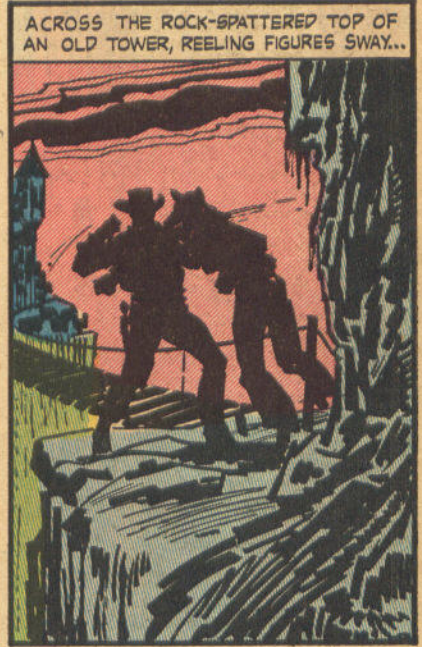
EL LOBO COUNTS HIS CHICKENS BEFORE THEY ARE HATCHED!



YOU'VE PREYED ON THE HELPLESS LONG ENOUGH!



ACROSS THE ROCK-SPATTERED TOP OF AN OLD TOWER, REELING FIGURES SWAY...



THE BATTLE IS BLOODY, DESPERATE...



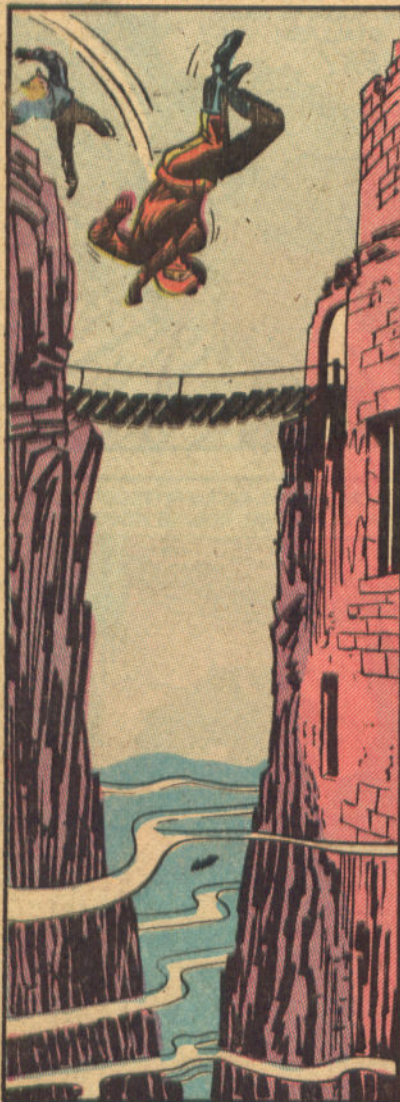
AND THEN A STRAINING FOOT SLIPS IN A POOL OF TORPID RAIN WATER...!





# TIM HOLT

A CRIMSON FIGURE HURTTLES DOWNWARD THROUGH THE NIGHT—



I WAS LUCKY! HE ALMOST HAD ME! BUT I'M ALIVE—ALIVE TO WRECK VENGEANCE ON THOSE WHO SUMMONED REDMASK!



HE CAME FROM CHIQUITA'S HOUSE! SHE HAS BEEN TALKING OVERMUCH OF THIS SENOR REDMASK—AND HOW HER COUSIN, MEX LOLLIPOOSA, KNOWS HIM! FOR THAT, SHE SHALL PAY!

IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF SALOMA, SOMEWHAT LATER...



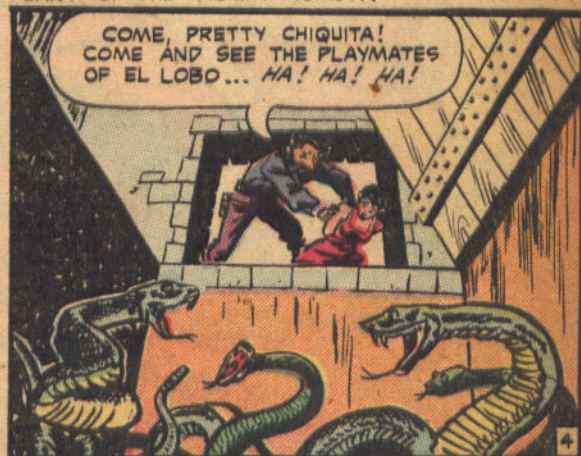
*You!*

YES, I—EL LOBO! I COME TO TAKE YOU AND YOUR FATHER TO YOUR GRAVES...



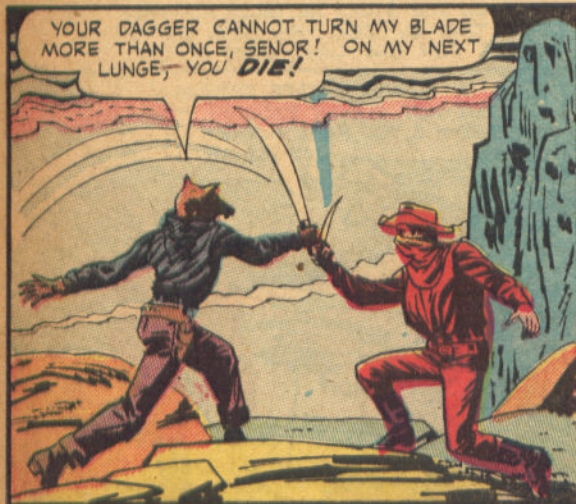
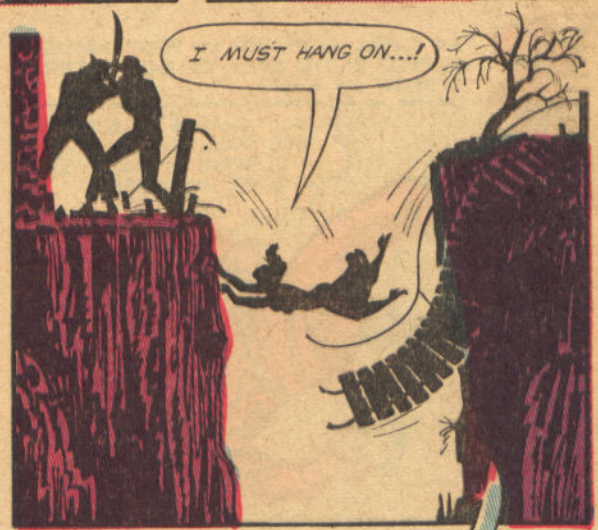
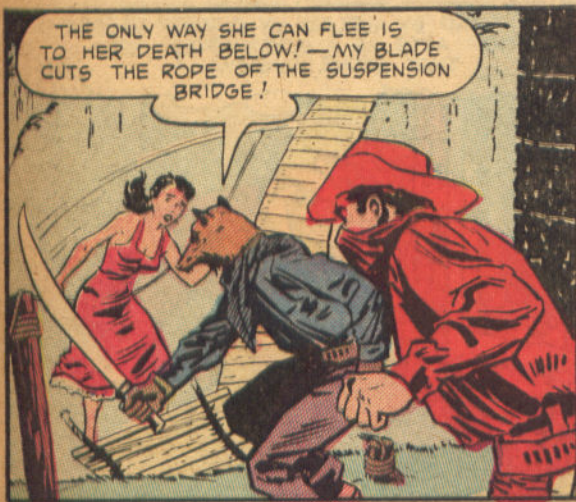
SCREAM IF YOU WANT! THOSE WHO HEAR YOU WILL KNOW THAT **EL LOBO** HAS COME TO SALOMA TO SETTLE A SCORE—AND WILL BE DEAF TO YOUR CALL...!

THROUGH THE NIGHT, EL LOBO DRAGS HIS TREMBLING VICTIMS TO AN OLD WELL, DEEP IN THE STONE HEART OF THE ANCIENT RUINS...



COME, PRETTY CHIQUITA! COME AND SEE THE PLAYMATES OF EL LOBO... HA! HA! HA!







# TIM HOLT

WITH A FRENZIED TWIST OF HIS BODY, REDMASK LEAPS ASIDE...



"THE KNIFE WHIPPED AROUND THE STONE POST! THE CORD HELD FOR A MOMENT, SWINGING ME AGAINST THE ROCKY WALL —"



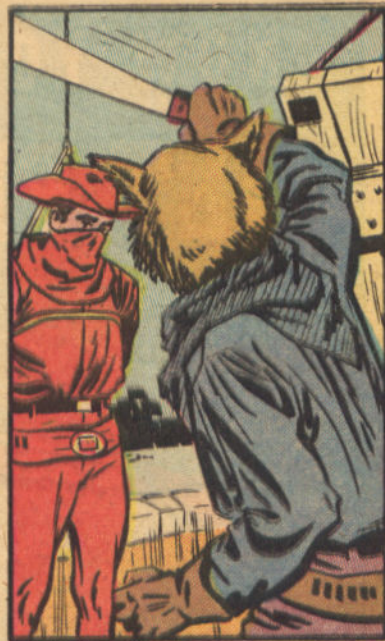
INTENT ON THE STORY HE TELLS, REDMASK DOES NOT NOTICE THAT EL LOBO HAS BEEN GATHERING HIS MUSCLES FOR ONE LAST GRIM EFFORT. THEN—







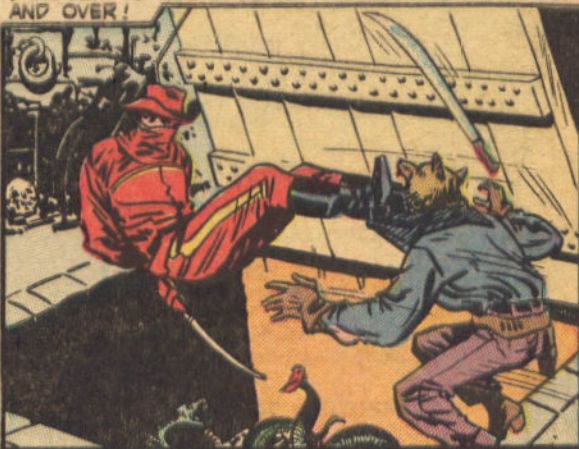
IN A MOMENT, REDMASK IS BOUND AND LASHED SECURELY...



REDMASK SWINGS UP HIS LEGS! HIS LONG SPUR JAB OUT, VICIOUSLY...



HOOKED BY THOSE SILVER SPURS, EL LOBO IS DRAGGED TO THE EDGE OF THE REPTILE PIT—AND OVER!



FOR A MOMENT, A HAND RISES UPWARD AS A SCREAM OF AGONY RENDS THE NIGHT...

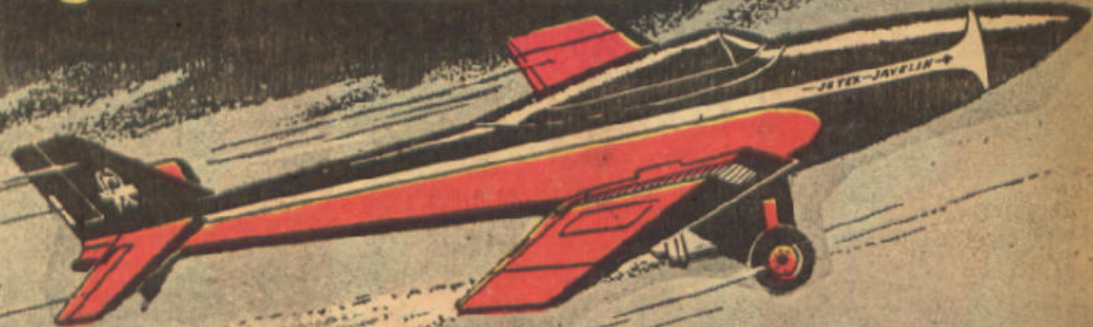


A MOMENT LATER...





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Page 39!

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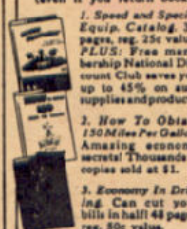
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